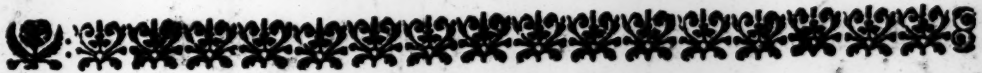
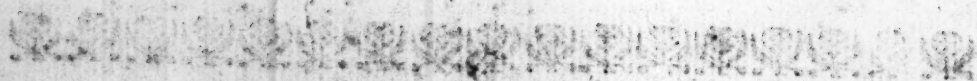


By Petryal 77



THE
CONGRESS
OF
BEASTS.





THE

CONGRESS



BEASTS



10^d

THE

CONGRESS

Libra. (B. de.)

OF

K BEASTS.

To which is Annex'd,

Advice to Sir B O B.

A NEW

BALLAD

Upon Sr Robert Walpole.

Dedicated to a certain She MONSTER.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *A. More*, near *St. Paul's*. Price 1 s.

104

THE

CONGRESS

OF

BEASTS

To which is Annex'd

Advice to Sir A. B.

A NEW

BALD



Printed by J. G. ...

Dedicated to a certain Sir MONSTER.

LONDON:

Printed for A. Moore, near St. Paul's. Price 1 s.



To a certain

She Monster.

Madam,



BEING the World is
Metamorphos'd, and we have
at last got our Tongues at
Liberty, and enjoy that
freedom of Speech that equals us to rati-
onal Animals, I hope you will Pardon
the

vi. *The DEDICATION.*

the Presumption of the *Beast* of the *Wood*,
in offering to Dedicate to your *Graceship*
an unpolish'd Piece, that has nothing more
to recommend it, than the Subject it treats
of. I do not as other Beasts have done,
take you from your once glorious and hap-
py State, (tho' I Confess your late Loss
has been great) seeing you have Assur-
ance enough to support the most ambiti-
ous Desires, and that the *Fox* has still *In-*
terest and *Power* to Protect you from all
the Designs of your Adversary: As you
are Indebted to that subtile *Animal*, both
for your Station and Riches, whose Bene-
volence was very conspicuous in all Re-
spects,

The DEDICATION. vii.

spects, I did conceive I could not Dedicate this Piece to a properer Person, since it cannot but be acceptable to one who has Receiv'd many distinguishing Marks of his Favour. As for your Perfections, they are Conspicuous, your Imperfections few: The greatest blot in your *Escutcheon* is, that you have been *Barren* when so Nobly Cover'd, and the only reason that can be assign'd for it, is, that you were resolv'd not to *Bastardize* your Brood. *Vale mi dilectissime* whilst I remain,

Your Graces

Most Devoted

and most Humble Servant,

Bestia de Silva.

17 OCT 1894

Dear Mr. I. H. ...

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst.

and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

Wm. O. ...

Very truly yours,

Wm. O. ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...

...



THE
CONGRESS
OF
BEASTS.



WHEN Beasts could Speak in times of
(Yore,
The *Lyon* had the *Sovereign* Pow'r;
The Royal Beast the *Scepter* sway'd,
And was by all the rest obeyd,

B

But

But what his Subjects wonder'd most,
 Was, that the *Fox* should rule the Roast;
 A cunning, futtle, prating Elf,
 That Thousands starv'd to feed himself;
 His avarice no limits knows,
 Unbounded as the Ocean flows,
 In swelling Tides his Fortune grows;
 Each Friend of his of servile Race,
 By his procurement had a Place;
 The greatest Posts in all the Land,
 At his disposal and command,
 Were still bestow'd on pimp and pander,
 And those that would their neighbour slander:
 By this device he gain'd his ends,
 And had secur'd him many friends;

In all assemblies firmly stood,
 Grew noisy, turbulent and loud;
 The major part his profelites,
 For while the subjects ^{lose} their rights,
 Tell me good Sir, who can be free
 From ~~his despotick~~ tyranny:
 The major part must vote his cause,
 Tho' both 'gainst conscience and the laws;
 For interest their passion sways,
 He forfeits all that disobeys;
 His Neighbours flocks, he culls at pleasure;
 Who dare not groan for ~~lost~~ treasure;
 For if a thief should try a thief,
 Where can the subjects find relief:
 You may be sure fraternity
 Will set their brother plund'rer free.

Many good folks expected help
 From this fam'd *Lyon*, when a *Whelp*;
 That when he came to rule the Nation,
 This *Fox* should forfeit his high station,
 For then the *Panther* was in fashion:
 The *Panther* is a noble beast, *{† Scarborough*
 A friendly, hospitable guest,
 Injur'd to toil, bred up to arms,
 Intrepid stands, 'midst wars alarms;
 A generous noble soul has he,
 From *Bibery* and corruption free,
 And much in favour thought to be;
 'Cause when the *Lyon* forc'd from court,
 The *Panther* did to him resort;
 Follow'd his fortune ever since,
 Dear as his soul he lov'd his Prince.

The

The *Fox* knew this, and thought 'twas time
 To charge the *Panther* with some crime,
 Least thatt he should the pimp supplant,
 And catch him in his knavish cant:
 To that intent he sends out spies,
 To lurk about with prying eyes;
 An infamous and worthless crew,
 That neither fame nor virtue knew;
 A newfance to society,
 They fawn and cringe, and cant and lye;
 Both Sycophant and Parasite,
 Begot in spleen, and hatch'd in spite,
 And usher'd in the World by night.
 The *Panther* now conspicuous grown,
 Gam'd the applause of all the town;

His

His parents virtue did inherit,
 The *Lyon* lov'd him for his merit ;
 Little suspected such vile arts
 Could reach his virtue or his parts,
 And for that cause in company,
 Was not reserv'd but always free ;
 Would pass a joke and take a jest,
 Keep all a secret in his breast ;
 What pass'd abroad a merry making,
 He thought not worth his notice taking :
 Once it happen'd his ill fate,
 When he was out one evening late,
 Flush'd with the fumes of strong champaign,
 (For wine intoxicates the brain)
 To catch up some fatyrick rhimes,
 Writ by some pander of the times,

That

That hinted at the *Lyon's* pride,
 And things I durst not name beside ;
 His consort treated ill whose name
 Stands fair in the records of fame,
 Which he at table did rehearse,
 Then pockets up the guilty verse,
 To serve some necessary use,
 That they no farther might diffuse,
 Or scatter discontent about,
 Amongst the guidy rabble rout.
 The *Fox* was out with all his spies,
 In number more than *Argus* Eyes,
 And had intelligence from one,
 What the preceeding night was done ;
 Away he trudges to his master,
Mercurius could not fly much faster ;

When

When he was sent by pow'r divine,
 From the etherial awful shrine,
 To some terestial gloomy shade,
 To have his Sovereign's will obey'd,
 Or swift as *Parthean's* Arrow flies,
 That wounds pursuing Enemies,
 And does the past nights actions tell,
 (He knew to aggravate full well.)
 The *Panther* went next day to court,
 Whither he daily did resort,
 But was surpriz'd to find his lord
 Did not one pleasing look afford,
 And did not treat him as before
 With all the marks of friendly pow'r ;
 At last the *Lyon* silence breaks,
 And thus unto the *Panther* speaks ;

I have

I have hear'd Sir, of your pranks last night,
 Those verses that were writ in spite,
 To blast my character and fame,
 And the good actions of my dame,
 That ne'er deserv'd to be thus treated,
 If all her virtues were repeated;
 And if I am inform'd right,
 Of your transactions Sir, last night,
 You in your pocket have convey'd,
 Those servile thoughts that me upbraid;
 Let's see the lines. ---- I thee implore,
 You will not interpose your pow'r;
 But if you must the verses see,
 Here they are my Liege for thee;
 He paus'd, then with an humble mien,
 Presents the lines he wish'd not seen:

He read, he paus'd, and read again,
 Each line increasing, still his pain;
 A brave disdain his thoughts possess,
 Whilst royal care perplex'd his breast;
 Enrag'd to be so basely us'd,
 To be degraded and abus'd:
 Whilst he stood up for Church and Steeple,
 The lasting welfare of his People:
 Then tell me who the Author is,
 And in what company got these.
 The *Panther* then with reverence said,
 Your order Sir, should be obey'd,
But tis below my dignity,
To turn informer, e'en to thee;
 The *Lyon* then in rage reply'd,
 Are all my favours thus repaid;

Have

Have I regardless of the rest,
 Chose you from all the herd of Beast,
 And nurs'd you always in my breast.
 Oh! monstrous, base, ingratitude,
 On my good nature to intrude;
 Hear me abus'd and bear a part,
 And screen the crime with subtle art;
 Can you conceal from me the Man,
 Whose guilty thoughts revile my name,
 And blast my character and fame;
 Then farewell friendship when too late,
 Know as I lov'd so I can hate;
 Certain I am, there is a House
 Where some beasts herd and there carouse;

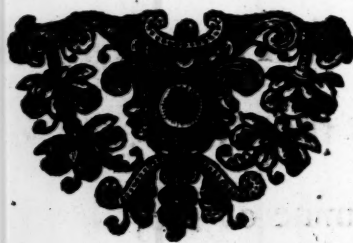
The House in a large Street is seen,
That leads into my royal Den,
And bears my Beasts to invite Signet in;
There I am sure, thou wert last night,
With my fam'd Tyger, bold in Fight,
And one but lately made a Knight;
That can my Rebel Subjects awe,
And teach them to obey the Law:
He has been rais'd to high command,
Has overthrown a servile Band,
That durst invade my proper Land.
The noble Leopard there resorts,
At midnight Revels, Drinks and Sports;
The Wolfe, the wild Bear and the Bear,
Joyn'd in your Gang, are always there;

Beasts

Beasts all well noted in their Nation,
 Each one conspicuous in his Station ;
 Beasts I expected would stand fast,
 And prove my honour to the last,
 But unprovok'd you read I find
 The Sally's of a Traytor's mind,
 And hand about the guilty Verse,
 Then smile whilst you the words rehearse ;
 It seems to me upon that Score,
 The feign'd respect you said you bore,
 Both to my Person and the Crown,
 My royal issue and the Throne,
 Was never shown I plainly see,
 Out of respect to mine or me,
 But Interest and necessity :

Then

Then let the World from me beware,
 How they are led into a snare,
 They most deceive us, who most trusted are.
 The Noble *Panther* then reply'd,
 Believe me Sir, I am bely'd,
 My Loyalty has been profest,
 I never read it as a jest,
 Let them say what they will of me,
 I will be Loyal till I dye,
 Or load me with the brand of Infamy.





A D I V C E

T O

Sir B O B.



WHILST *doubty Bob* with muckle might,
Rules these unhappy Lands,
What e'er is wrong, must still be right,
Whilst he securely stands.

But should we change the dismal Scene,
And call him to his lesson ;

The

The Ax will surely be to blame
If it should leave his Head on.

Then prithee *Bob* I pray forbear,
In time lay by your Station,
Least you should fall into that Snare,
Design'd to Purge the Nation.

F I N I S.

